My Heart Blooms Into You

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My Heart Blooms Into You

by nineteenuncles

Summary

Zeke trailed behind Mint, his hands in his pockets. He'd been asked to go to the garden that morning and had agreed begrudgingly. He didn't care about any stupid flowers - but the look on his friend's face made his trip worthwhile. Mint grinned at him, humming a song he vaguely recognised. He picked up a watering can, handing a similar one to Zeke, and started tending to the flowers.

Zeke, in truth, didn't understand why he was invited. He didn't mind doing this, of course, but Mint knew he didn't care too much for flowers.

Mint and Zeke talk about flowers.

Notes

i miss them. bring them back ripple.
@suckrpunches on twt!

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"Why couldn't you have invited someone more into flowers for this? Like- I don't know, I bet Sam would like flowers. He's the type who would."

Mint raised an eyebrow at him, laughing slightly under his breath.

"Okay, maybe I will next time! I'll invite Shinku instead of you, and let you sit in your room instead of hanging out with me!"

Zeke laughed slightly. So that's why he invited him.

"You really invited me 'cause you thought I'd be jealous? Seriously?"

Mint grinned, not giving him an answer. Instead, he bent down to caress a freshly watered flower, leaving the watering can at his feet. The pink leaves, still slightly damp from the water, were shining in the sunlight.

"What's so special about that one?"

Mint spoke lightly, his voice hushed, as though he would bother the flower. His light and delicate way of speaking always made Zeke's heart beat a little faster, though he chalked that up to the pollen in the room. They, in truth, did not correlate, but that didn't stop him from making the connection.

"Doesn't it remind you of Maiko?"

"Huh?"

Mint's eyes shone with love. A smile blossomed on his face.

"Pink carnations. They suit her well, in my opinion. Do you know what they mean?"

"Why would I? I mean, they're pretty? So I guess they suit her well?"

"They mean, "I miss you." Seems to fit her perfectly, don't you think?"

"Huh. I kinda get it. Her whole thing with Yui, and her name."

Mint smiled softly.

"Aye, that's it. Look, try this one."

He pointed to a small patch of sunflowers, the light settling on the petals.

“Hmmm… Taka?”

Mint laughed again, clasping his hands together.

“Correct! Sunflowers normally represent light, positivity, and loyalty, but these are lighter. They represent change and growth.”

Zeke thought for a little while, his hand coming to rest at his side.

“He has changed a lot, I guess. He’s… I dunno. Different now. He seems determined to be a better person than before.”

Mint hummed.

“Admirable, really. He’s proof that people really can change, I guess.”

Zeke grumbled at that.

“Only if they want to. Not everyone can change.”

“And maybe that’s okay too.”

He watched Mint walk to another section of the garden. His steps are smooth, almost gliding across the ground. He walks as if he is intertwined with the leaves of the garden. He stops in front of a small patch of unrecognisable flowers.

“This one?”

“I don’t know what those are. So, probably Ismene or Dracul. I’ll say Dracul.”

“Three for three. They’re Gladiolus. They mostly mean Strength, integrity, never giving up, etcetera. They’re used commonly in funeral arrangements, though.”

“Strength, huh? He’d be happy to hear that, I guess.”

Mint let out a breathy laugh.

“I suppose he would. Here, try these.”

He stopped again in front of a patch of yellow and purple flowers.

“Irises. That’s definitely Asuga.”

Mint blinked, walking back to Zeke’s side and nudging him.

“I’m surprised you knew that! Aye, definitely Asuga. Faith, hope, wisdom, and friendship. It’s Asuga all around.”

Zeke grinned.

“I like this game. Give me more.”

Mint’s cheeks hurt from smiling. He was glad Zeke was interested in this, and it made him incredibly happy to see him caring for the flowers in the same way he did. His heart fluttering, he dragged Zeke by the hand to see more flowers.

Together, they went through the others in the lab. Shinku was a Higanbana, meaning loss and remembrance. Neither of them could decide why that linked to Shinku specifically, but it fit him well. Lyra was a Snapdragon: Grace, strength, but also deception and change. She was more of a butterfly than a flower, but the motif of change still fit her well. Ismene was a Dahlia: Graceful, elegant, and dignified, yet unstable.

Takiko was a lilac: youthful and innocent, with new beginnings soon to come for her. Alora was a small patch of Stargazer lilies: ambitions, but changes with colour. Mint spent a while thinking about colours, but decided that the group worked best for her. Fu was a cactus. He didn’t really fit a flower, but the survival and protection fit him, according to Mint.

Mint finished dragging him around, keeping their hands intertwined. Zeke could feel the warmth from below his gloves, his heart racing at the way their fingers intertwined. He coughed awkwardly, hiding his blushing face behind their hands.

“So, what about me?”

Mint blinked.

“...What about you?”

He felt stupid for asking, but he was too curious now.

“What flower would I be?”

Mint was silent for a second before he lit up and ran over to a quiet corner. He crouched beside a patch of bleeding heart flowers.

“They’re pretty. What do they mean? Something cool, powerful, badass?”

“Vulnerability, rebirth and love.”

Zeke didn’t know how to respond to that. He was used to people seeing the version of himself that he put out: this strong, stable man who was above everyone else. So, it was weird for him to trust someone else to see another side of him, one that he himself didn’t know how to respond to. He let go of his hand, thought for a second, before snatching it again and leading it to a different corner. Mint sat down next to the white daffodils.

“Hm?”

“They remind me of you. Tell me the meaning of them?”

Mint sat for a second before smiling.

“Forgiveness. They mostly reflect the ideas of hardship passing, a new day arriving, things like that.”

Zeke smiled to himself. He couldn’t think of a better flower for Mint.

“Yeah. I think that’s perfect.”

He sat down next to Mint, basking in the gentle glow of the sun. He didn’t comment when he felt Mint’s hand on his upper arm, or his head on his shoulder. He couldn’t ruin the moment, the smell of the flowers, their hearts intertwining.

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